

AUTUMN PLOUGHING – 1950.

A waist high blanket of mist forms a shroud,
 Over the stubble field about to be ploughed.
 Like pale grey monsters, the tractors all stand,
 Under their covers on the big field's headland.
 Only the tops of the machines standing proud
 Over the layer of shimmering cloud.

We uncover the tractors and fill tanks with oil,
 Check engine and water, and prepare for the toil,
 Of a full day's ploughing in the Autumn sun,
 So early in the morning, our day's work begun.
 Each engine starts up with a deep, throaty roar,
~~We drive to where we left off the evening before.~~

*And we start where we left off the
 evening before*

The sun comes up, and the pale golden light,
 Reveals to me a remarkable sight,
 Each of my companions sits on his machine,
 But only their head and their shoulders are seen.
 Gliding along above the fog layer bright,
 It's truly a strange and most comical sight.

An hour goes by and still the fog stays,
 Just a few feet above the ploughing it lays.
 And now my old engine is beginning to boil,
 From the strenuous effort of tilling the soil
 I plough the field creating my own fog it would seem,
 As the radiator ejects a white column of steam.

I plough up the field and at the end of the run,
 I turn onto the headland with my back to the sun,
 And then, to my surprise and my utter delight,
 At the front of the tractor a beautiful sight.
 A gleaming rainbow, with colours so clear,
 I can almost touch it, it seems it's so near.

We continue our ploughing, Ron, Les and I,
 And the fog soon disperses as the sun rises high.
 Though the Autumn mistiness remains in the sky,
 As that golden and glorious day passes by.
 The hedgerows all blazing with colours so bright,
 I shall always remember that day with delight.